

PATIENT Z

Written by

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“Z is for...”

FULL SCREEN OF BLACK

VOICE (O.S.)
Let me be clear, you are my prisoner. I will treat you as I have treated others of your kind, which is with no mercy. You will most likely not survive the next few hours. And when you die, you'll be grateful for it because your time with me will be unpleasant. Do you understand? Nod, if you do.

Shrouded in darkness, the contours of a human head leans forward into a sliver of light, nodding.

VOICE (O.S.)
Good. You will be surprised to discover I speak your language. Don't let that disorient you or cloud your thoughts. I need you to focus on my words. I will speak, you will listen. I will question, you will answer. This is non-negotiable.

We hear the sound of a page being flipped.

VOICE (O.S.)
How did the invasion start?

Pause.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you listening to me?

Pause.

VOICE (O.S.)
How did it start? How does it spread? What's your end game?

Long pause.

VOICE (O.S.)
You got nothin' to say? Is that how you want to play it? Okay, fine. But I'm not the one driven by the hunger.

Pause.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm not the one tortured by the burn. I can do this all day, all night. I'm going to get my answers from you. No matter how long it takes.

A match FLARES, piercing the darkness.

The flame ignites the end of a cigarette. The glow illuminates the details of the shrouded face...

Revealing horrific details...

Rotten dripping flesh hanging from exposed cheek bones. Darkened sockets where eye balls should be. Grey, prune-like scalp clinging to a few strains of dead hair.

This is THE PROFESSOR. He's an Infected. And he's casually smoking a cigarette.

He lets out a puff... Smoke creeping out through the holes in his cheeks... Swirling around his face like a ghost.

THE PROFESSOR
Trust me, my friend... Time is a luxury you cannot afford.

The Professor returns the cigarette to his spotted lips and inhales. As the end of the cigarette glows and crackles...

THE SCREEN TURNS RED

And over this

PATIENT Z

OPENING CREDITS against microscopic images of viruses attacking blood cells.

SOUNDTRACK swells as we see nature's dance of life and death -- viruses overwhelming cells, like an alien being overtaking a helpless host.

The virus even attacks the CREDIT NAMES AND TITLES.

Then...

FADE IN ON

Blood.

Blood and flesh everywhere.

Naked bodies writhing. Bodies made of rotten bloody flesh.

Dozens of these bodies. Climbing all over each other like a pile of worms. It fills the screen like modern art.

The sound of flesh ripping. Bones crunching. Hungry growls.

A WOMAN SCREAMS! The kind of scream that haunts your dreams.

And in the middle of the writhing bodies, an arm appears, reaching out for help -- help that never comes...

WOMAN'S VOICE
MORGAN!!!

SMASH CUT TO

INT. SLEEPING QUARTER - NIGHT

MORGAN AVERY, late 20's, violently awakes. He bolts up in bed, breathing heavily! Square jaw tense, sweaty bangs pinned to his forehead.

Subtitle appears: **"48 HOURS EARLIER..."**

SCOTT'S VOICE
Morgan!

Morgan clears his eyes, looks up... It's not a woman's voice calling out to him...

It's actually SCOTT MURPHY, 30's, filling the doorway with his thin frame and typical nervous energy.

SCOTT
Time to work.

Morgan nods. His is a kind face with eyes connected to a wearisome soul. His slumping posture indicates the weight of the world, the shoulders of Atlas.

His sleeping quarters, a tiny space. This isn't the Four Seasons.

On his night stand, a framed picture of a brunette woman.

This is JANET, Morgan's wife -- comforting eyes, a warm smile. The photo can barely contain her beauty.

In the image, Janet is wearing a sterling silver butterfly necklace, its wings pop with blue-colored topaz.

It's the only thing that gives this dreary room any life.

INT. UTILITY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Scott leads Morgan through a long utility corridor.

Like the trenches of PATHS OF GLORY, we follow them through the serpentine passageway as dozens of military personnel rush around them.

The sounds of war can be heard reverberating through the walls:

Chatter of rapid gunfire --

Beating of helicopter propellers --

Thumping of bombs and mortars --

Dull thud of explosions --

The walls rattle --

Dirt falls from the ceiling --

Voices frantically shouting in the background --

Morgan and Scott turn a corner...

Five body bags on gurneys ahead of them.

They stop for a moment, somberly watch the MORTICIAN zip up the last body bag.

SCOTT
Let's hurry. It's my son's birthday.

They continue down the corridor.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The room is lined with sleek metal consoles and illuminated computer screens. A small team of TECHS monitor the system.

It's state-of-the-art equipment, but the dull colors of the walls indicate a 70's throwback. The push and pull of old vs. modernity.

Nothing's more old school than SERGEANT KNOX, who has the phone to his ear, screaming into it.

Knox is a cold man in his 50's, the hardened landscape of his face underlines his years in war. You have nothing in common with him.

SERGEANT KNOX
Are you fuckin' kidding me?! Patch me through to their CC! What? What do you mean they went dark-?!

DR. GINA ROSE storms into the room, approaches Sergeant Knox with intense purpose.

Gina's crimson red hair pleasantly clashes with her 20's something pale skin. The stress of an apocalypse has yet to dent her youthful and rebellious energy.

GINA
Sergeant Knox, is it true?

SERGEANT KNOX
Not now, Gina!

GINA
Is it true they've overtaken Hawaii?

Sergeant Knox turns his back to her.

GINA
I warned them! I told them to move everyone to Fiji! These things can walk the ocean floor until-

SERGEANT KNOX
I don't have time for a toldja so lecture-

Scott and Morgan enter an observation room...

SERGEANT KNOX
(into phone)
We'll brief when I'm done here.

He slams the phone down. Gina approaches Morgan.

GINA
Get any sleep?

MORGAN
Here and there.

GINA
Can't have you working at a deficit.

Gina jots down a reminder in a tiny notebook.

GINA
I'll get you a stronger dose.

SERGEANT KNOX
He's fine. Let's get started.

Morgan points to the darkened window flushed in the wall above the computer consoles.

MORGAN
What do we got?

SERGEANT KNOX
There was a skirmish at the intersection of 5th and Central. The 27th Brigade we're northbound when they came across a swarm of Infected feeding on the carcass of dead public transit passengers.

GINA
We were only able to bring two in alive.

SERGEANT KNOX
But we lost five of our own doing it.

A somber beat as everyone realizes Knox is referring to the five body bags in the hallway.

MORGAN
What are we calling the first Infected?

GINA
Keith Richards.

Gina hands Morgan a file folder labaled: Keith Richards.

MORGAN
Great guitarist.

GINA
The best.

One of the Techs switches on the light in the adjacent interrogation room.

Through the window we see an INFECTED chained down to a chair in the next room. The shredded plaid shirt indicates this is a different creature from the one in the opening scene.

SCOTT
Keith hasn't aged a bit.

SERGEANT KNOX
Time and tide, folks!

GINA
Morgan?

MORGAN
(nodding)
Dropping the needle.

Morgan walks over to the corner of the room. In the middle of all this high-tech equipment is a dusty vinyl collection.

The records are stored in neatly lined crates, each crate labeled with the words: "**Wax Philosophical**".

Morgan flips through the records. A collection that is extensive and varied.

He finally pulls out a Rolling Stones single. Hands it over to Scott.

While Morgan exits the room, Scott places the record on top of a turntable that's piped into the PA system.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Infected (*to be referred as KEITH RICHARDS from here on), sits at a square table.

Keith Richards perks up as the opening guitar strums to the song "Tell Me" blares through a pair of speakers overhead.

As the song's lyrics fill the air, the Infected gets restless and uncomfortable, rustles in his seat.

Morgan steps into the room, the thick metal door hisses closed behind him. Keith growls, snaps his jaws.

Morgan casually sits down at the chair across from Keith, the table between them.

The chains snap tight as Keith struggles to break free, trying to attack Morgan. His growls growing louder, more violent!

Morgan lifts his right index finger into the air.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's observing Morgan and the Infected through the one-sided window.

On Morgan's raised hand signal, Scott yanks the needle from the record.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The music stops. Keith Richards relaxes, his growls lowering to a grumble.

Morgan is not phased by any of this. Stone-faced. Experienced. Looks down as he jots notes into the file.

Morgan then looks up and modestly growls back. Keith pauses, a confused look on his face.

Then something surprising happens...

As Morgan continues to growl, the animalistic sounds coming out of his mouth morphs into perfect English.

*Note, this is the same device used in Bryan Singer's VALKYRIE, where Tom Cruise first speaks German but then his dialogue, for the benefit of the viewing audience, gradually transforms into English.

MORGAN'S VOICE
...let me be clear, you are my prisoner. I will treat you as I have treated others of your kind, which is with no mercy. You will most likely not survive the next few hours. And when you die, you'll be grateful for it because your time with me will be unpleasant. Do you understand? Nod, if you do.

Keith nods.

MORGAN'S VOICE
Good. You will be surprised to discover I speak your language. Don't let that disorient you or cloud your thoughts. I need you to focus on my words. I will speak, you will listen. I will question, you will answer. This is non-negotiable.

KEITH RICHARDS
How...how is this possible?

MORGAN
You're the one in chains. I'm the one who is not. That means I get to ask the questions.

Morgan opens the file in front of him, flips through the pages.

MORGAN
You had no identification when you were brought in.

Keith is still in stunned silence, can't believe he's actually communicating with a regular human.

MORGAN
Did you hear what I said? No I.D.?

KEITH RICHARDS
No.

MORGAN
Why not?

KEITH RICHARDS
I don't need one.

MORGAN
How long have you been infected?

KEITH RICHARDS
I don't know...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

We occasionally INTERCUT with the Observation Room where Gina, Scott, Sergeant Knox, and the Tech team watch the interrogation through the one-sided window.

From their POV, they hear Morgan speaking to the Infected with grunts and growls.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan remains steady and calm as he continues his interrogation.

MORGAN
Where are you from?

KEITH RICHARDS
I don’t remember.

MORGAN
Do you remember your name?

KEITH RICHARDS
No.

MORGAN
That’s why you need an I.D.

Morgan pauses, writes in the file.

MORGAN
Your name is now Keith Richards.

KEITH RICHARDS
The guitarist?

MORGAN
The best.

KEITH RICHARDS
Why?

MORGAN
The riff from ‘Jumpin’ Jack Flash’ alone.

KEITH RICHARDS
No, why are you calling me Keith Richards?

MORGAN
It’s the same reason we give hurricanes human names.

More confused looks from Keith.

MORGAN
Nevermind.
(jots down more notes)
So tell me about Patient Z.

KEITH RICHARDS
Patient Who?

MORGAN
Patient Z. The first person to be infected.

KEITH RICHARDS
I don’t know anything about that.

MORGAN
You sure?

KEITH RICHARDS
Where am I?
(looks around)
Is this a military base? I thought we destroyed them all?

A series of distant explosions rattle the room. Keith Richards looks up.

Dust falling onto his face confirms his suspicions that...

KEITH RICHARDS
We're underground, aren't we?

MORGAN
Focus on me...

Keith turns his gaze back to Morgan.

MORGAN
When you're roaming around with your Infected friends, you never talk about how the invasion started?

KEITH RICHARDS
I don't remember.

MORGAN
Don't remember what?

KEITH RICHARDS
If I have any friends.

MORGAN
Do you remember what year it is?

KEITH RICHARDS
2023.

MORGAN
Close. But wrong.
(writing notes)
You're not a reliable source of information.

KEITH RICHARDS
Why the hell should I help you in any way?

MORGAN
You have no choice.

Agitated, Keith lunges forward but is snapped back by the chains.

MORGAN
What is your last memory, before you were brought in?

KEITH RICHARDS
The burn.

MORGAN
The what?

KEITH RICHARDS
The sensation I feel in my belly when the hunger builds. And I am hungry all the time, hungry for flesh.

Keith gets restless, yanking on his chains.

KEITH RICHARDS
All I smell is flesh, and I can smell yours from here.

Morgan causally reaches under the table, opens a drawer.

From the drawer, Morgan pulls out a wine bottle and a wine glass, places them on the table.

MORGAN
Ever heard of Daniel Burnham?

No response from Keith. As expected.

MORGAN
Daniel Burnham was an architect, a brilliant man who designed many famous buildings including the first skyscraper in Chicago. He was also a wine lover. But he didn't age his wine in a cellar like most. Instead he aged his bottles by shipping them around the world twice on slow freighters. Sometimes it would take years for the wine to return home to him.

Morgan points to the bottle of wine on the table.

MORGAN
That's one of those bottles, extremely rare as you can imagine. We found a dusty case hidden in the basement of the Montezuma Hotel in New Mexico, a structure that Burnham designed in the early 1900's.

Morgan picks up the bottle, slowly pours into the glass. The sloshing of the wine is almost hypnotic.

MORGAN
Whenever Daniel Burnham opened a bottle amongst friends, he would read to them the long list of countries that wine traveled. And when they drank it, it was more than just a sip of wine --

Morgan grabs the glass, sniffs it. Then, with eyes closed, sips the wine.

He takes a moment. Then lightly exhales.

MORGAN
-- it was a trip around the world.

Takes another sip.

MORGAN
I've forgotten what fresh air and sunlight feels like. It's because of you this wine is my only connection to the outside world.

Morgan stands up, walks across the room and flips a switch.

A tracking light on the ceiling beams down on Keith, revealing the wall behind him.

Keith looks back, sees the wall is covered with dried blood and splattered brain bits.

This isn't just an interrogation room -- it's an execution room!

Morgan reaches into his jacket, pulls out a Glock 17 hand gun.

He points the gun at Keith Richard's head.

MORGAN
It’s because of your kind that I cannot share this wine with my wife.

BANG!

The Infected’s head JERKS BACK as the remnants of his decaying brain SPLATTERS the wall. Then slumps forward.

Morgan looms over the corpse, staring at it for a long time.

Slowly holsters his gun. Gazes at his hands.

GINA’S VOICE
Morgan, you okay?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Gina’s leaning into a microphone, finger pressed on a button.

Sgt. Knox stands over her shoulder, brow furrowed with frustration.

GINA
(into microphone)
Morgan?

SERGEANT KNOX
Waste of fuckin’ time.

GINA
(into microphone)
Morgan, can you hear me?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan continues to stare at his hands. The sound of Gina’s voice is washed out as he’s lost in his dark thoughts.

With a WHOOOSH on the soundtrack...

GINA’S VOICE
Can you hear me?

Her voice regains its clarity. Snaps Morgan back to his senses.

He looks up.

MORGAN
Yeah.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Gina eyes Morgan through the window with a hint of concern.

GINA
(into microphone)
You need a break?

SERGEANT KNOX
He doesn't need a break. Let's continue.

GINA
(into microphone)
Morgan, take five.

Gina takes her finger off the button.

Through the window, we see Morgan leaving the Interrogation Room.

Sergeant Knox is doing his best not to blow up. As Gina heads for the door...

SERGEANT KNOX
Dr. Rose-

GINA
Not now, Sergeant.

Gina exits the room.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Morgan's at the sink, splashes water on his face. He stares at himself in the mirror, his reflection a stranger's art.

Gina steps into the bathroom.

GINA
Headaches still bothering you?

Gina approaches, pulls a couple of paper towels from the dispensers. Hands them to Morgan.

MORGAN
I've been having these nightmares. Flashbacks to the day I lost my wife... All I see is blood. Blood and flesh. And I hear her scream... but...
(pause)
...but I can't see her face.

Gina presses herself against Morgan.

GINA
You don't have to. Not anymore.

She kisses him. For a few seconds, his body is tense, almost resisting her.

But the kiss lingers, and he begins to melt.

His arms snake around her body. They consume each other. Breathing heavily.

She lets out a heavy breath as he spins her around. Bends her over the sink.

Her cheek pressed against the mirror, fogging with each breath.

He pulls her pants and underwear down. She closes her eyes as he enters her from behind.

Again. And again.

They soon climax together. It doesn't take much. All that fear and energy pent up and awaiting release.

Morgan leans against the wall, breathing heavily. Gina pulls up her pants, fixes her hair.

Gina quickly exits the bathroom. Leaving Morgan alone, staring at his reflection.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR - DAY

Gina makes her way down the corridor. Sergeant Knox is coming her way, stops her.

SERGEANT KNOX
Dr. Rose, I will not tolerate this attitude-

GINA
All due respect, Sergeant-

SERGEANT KNOX
All due respect, Doctor, but my soldiers are out there dying on the battlefield-

GINA
Your soldiers are not the only ones fighting this war.

SERGEANT KNOX
My orders are explicit.

GINA
And I'm not military.

Gina turns and walks away.

SERGEANT KNOX
You're operating on my base! My house, my rules. Didn't your Daddy ever tell you that?!

That stops Gina cold. Her brow furrows, turns back to face the Sergeant.

GINA
Are you still upset I didn't choose you?

SERGEANT KNOX
An offensive suggestion. I'm just trying to speak a language you understand cause obviously plain English doesn't work.

GINA
Then let me speak YOUR language. Do you know what's the first thing they teach commandos in counter-terrorism?

SERGEANT KNOX
I don't need a lecture from-

GINA
When confronted with a group of terrorists, and there's a woman in that group -- take her out first. Why? Because women always have to try harder than men to prove themselves -- invariably they become smarter and more dangerous than their male counter-parts.

Sergeant Knox fumes, anger brewing in his eyes as he steps up to Gina in a menacing way.

SERGEANT KNOX
Is that a threat, Dr. Rose?

Gina doesn't back down.

GINA
If you consider me a threat, then you're the wrong man for this job.

Unflinching, Gina walks away. Sergeant Knox can do nothing but grit his teeth.

INT. ISOLATION WARD - DAY

A narrow, cavernous hallway deep in the belly of the military compound. Several lonely bulbs above fight back the darkness.

Morgan moves through the dimly lit hallway. Passes through dusty shafts of light. A paper bag in hand.

The echoes of his footsteps pierces the oppressive silence.

At the end of the hallway is a cage, there's an Infected imprisoned in it.

The Infected looks frail, slow-moving. It lethargically looks up at the sound of Morgan reaching into the paper bag.

Morgan pulls out a large piece of raw steak and a tupperware container full of blood.

He slides the slab of meat and container under the metal door.

The Infected instantly scurries forward, grabs the meat, and consumes it like a starving animal. The steak is gone in seconds.

The Infected then gulps from the tupperware container, tosses it aside once it's empty.

Then the Infected slowly looks up to Morgan, blood dripping from its lips.

INFECTED
Sometimes I can hear the music.

The Infected crawls back into its corner, hides its head in the shadows.

Morgan stares into the darkness of the cage for a moment. The heavy, nasally breathing of the Infected can be heard.

MORGAN
V is for victory. It will be our's.

With that, Morgan turns and walks away.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Gina, Scott, and Sergeant Knox are gathered around in deep conversation.

SERGEANT KNOX
...and make sure it's not one we tagged.

GINA
He's not on the list.

SCOTT
The odds of that happening is-

Morgan enters the room. Realizes he's stepped in the middle of a conversation.

MORGAN
Tagged what?

He notices the tense energy between Gina and Sgt. Knox as she hands Morgan a file folder labeled:

GINA
Pete Townshend. Tell him I'm a big fan.

Morgan looks through the observation window, sees the second infected (aka Pete Townshend) being guided into the interrogation room by TWO SOLDIERS.

A metal leash wraps around Pete Townshend's neck. Two long metal poles branch out from the leash, the soldiers controlling each pole from a safe distance.

Pete thrashes like a trapped animal. The soldiers struggle but finally forces him into a chair.

While Soldier #1 pushes Pete's head back with the pole...

Soldier #2 crouches down... Carefully inches his way towards the Pete's ankles, trying to lock them down.

But Pete's strength is overpowering, jerking Soldier #1 back and forth...

Soldier #1 loses his grip of the pole. This gives Pete enough slack to stretch forward, jaws snapping!

MORGAN
GODAMMIT!

Morgan, Scott, Gina, and Sgt. Knox rush out of the room to help!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

They burst into the room!

Morgan and Sgt. Knox help Soldier #2 with the metal poles, using their body weight to press Pete Townshend back into the seat.

Gina pulls Soldier #1 safely away.

Scott rushes in -- bends down, locks Pete Townshend's ankle. Yanks his arms back --

But it's too late! Pete's teeth sink into Scott's forearm!

SCOTT
Arrrggghhh!!

Scott attempts to yank his arm back -- but he can't! Pete's jaws are locked in place and -- TEARING OFF a chunk of meat from Scott's forearm!

Scott falls back, screaming in pain. Morgan and Gina rush over to Scott.

Gina grabs onto Scott's arm, examines it. It's a nasty sight, open bloody wound, exposed bone and veins.

GINA
Time!

Morgan presses a button on his watch.

MORGAN
90 seconds and counting!

SCOTT
Fuck! My arm!!!

Gina looks to Morgan. He clocks the edge of panic in her eyes. Then she looks to Knox.

GINA
Sergeant?

Sergeant Knox nods. They all know what this means.

SCOTT
Is it that bad?!

MORGAN
85 seconds!

Morgan and Sgt. Knox put Scott's arms around their shoulders and carry him out the door.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

Gina leads the way as Morgan and Sgt. Knox are helping Scott down the corridor, leaving a trail of blood behind them.

SCOTT
Don't let me turn! Please don't let me turn!

GINA
Stay calm, Scott.

SCOTT
Stay calm?!

MORGAN
65 seconds!

GINA
The faster your heart beats, the faster the virus is pumped through your circulation.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - DAY

They burst into the medical ward, knocking over a tray. They set Scott down onto one of the beds.

GINA
Scott, take deep breaths. Close your eyes. And tell me about the first time you kissed a girl.

Scott's chest heaves as he takes in a few deep inhales.

He closes his eyes as Sgt. Knox grabs onto his right arm, straightens it out.

SCOTT
I...I was in 2nd grade... Her name was Christine Furlong... I had the biggest crush on her...

While Scott mumbles away, Gina reaches into a cabinet and pulls out an electric bonesaw.

SCOTT
I stole some money... From my Mom's purse to buy Christine some candy... from the drugstore.

Gina brings the saw blade near where Scott's forearm meets the elbow. Morgan prepares to hold Scott down.

MORGAN
40 seconds!

SCOTT
I gave it to her in the schoolyard and... The other kids made fun of me for it... But Christine... Was so grateful... She leaned in to...

THE BLADE TURNS ON, SLICES INTO SCOTT'S ARM! Scott lets out a deep HOWL of pain!

Gina struggles as she PUSHES the buzzing blade deeper into Scott's arm -- the sounds of crunching bones and ripping flesh!

MORGAN
25 seconds!

Scott's entire body is trembling with pain!

More sounds of blade crunching bones!

Ligaments snap like broken strings on a tennis racket!

Slicing muscles!

Finally...

The arm comes off! Blood spurting at the stump with every heart beat. Gina instantly begins bandaging the arm.

Scott writhing in pain, about to fall off the bed!

Morgan holds Scott down as he glances at his watch.

MORGAN
10 seconds!

SCOTT
(to Gina)
Don't let me turn! Don't let me live like that!

GINA
You gotta fight it, Scott!

MORGAN
5...

SCOTT
Do you hear me?! I can't live like that!

MORGAN
4...

SCOTT
(turns to Morgan)
Tell Tommy happy birthday for me.

MORGAN
3...

SCOTT
Please...

MORGAN
2...

SCOTT
Tell Tommy for me...

And instead of saying "1"... Morgan says...

MORGAN
(nodding to Scott)
I promise.

Everyone holds their breath. Seconds go by. Nothing's happening.

They exchange looks. Did it really work? A minute passes.

The panic of Scott's face hesitantly morphs into relief.

Even Sgt. Knox breathes a little easier.

And just as smiles begin to form on their faces...

Scott's body snaps back, his spine bent at an obscene angle and seemingly frozen in time.

Then he convulses -- legs kicking, his arms swinging wildly!

Then just as quickly, his body slumps completely still. His eyes wide open with the stare of death.

Gina flashes a light in Scott's cold eyes.

GINA
Reset time!

Morgan taps a button on his watch.

MORGAN
30 seconds! Is he breathing?

GINA
He could have gone into shock.

SERGEANT KNOX
Tie him down.

Gina grabs a stethoscope, listens to Scott's chest. Checks his pulse.

GINA
No heartbeat.

SERGEANT KNOX
He's gone.

Gina ignores Sgt. Knox. She applies CPR to Scott, counting to herself with every pump of his chest.

SERGEANT KNOX
He's gone! Now tie him down!

MORGAN
20 seconds!

Gina continues to frantically pump Scott's chest.

GINA
Come on... come on...

MORGAN
15 seconds!

SERGEANT KNOX
TIE HIM DOWN BEFORE-!

GINA
OKAY OKAY!

Gina backs off, frustrated.

MORGAN
10 seconds!

Gina and Morgan desperately begin strapping Scott’s legs and his one remaining arm to the bed.

Scott’s body begins to turn... His muscles drying up... His skin turning sheet thin, exposing the contours of his bones... His color pale... His flesh flaking... Cheeks sink in like a deflating balloon...

MORGAN
5...!

They snap the lock shut on his left leg.

MORGAN
4...!

Snap the lock on his right leg.

MORGAN
3...!

Snap the lock on his left arm.

MORGAN
2...!

Snap the lock to the strap around Scott’s waist and...

SCOTT ROARS BACK TO LIFE -- AWAKENS AS AN INFECTED!

His jaws violently snapping! The leather straps stretch and creak as they pin him to the bed.

Morgan and Gina jump back, staring at their friend who has completely transformed into a horrible monster!

BANG!

The top of Scott’s head explodes as a bullet RIPS through it, startling Morgan and Gina.

Scott’s body slumps back down to the bed. Completely still. Dead forever.

Morgan and Gina turn to see Sgt. Knox holding a 44 Magnum, smoke rising from its nose.

SERGEANT KNOX
It’s what he wanted.

Sgt. Knox holsters his gun.

SERGEANT KNOX
It’s what any one of us would have wanted.

With that, Sergeant Knox turns and leaves the room.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Morgan enters the morgue. The walls are tall and lined with endless cabinets holding dead bodies. This is their cemetery.

Morgan walks along the wall, eyes scanning the labels on each cabinet. He stops at the cabinet labeled: “THOMAS MURPHY 2012 - 2017”.

He pulls the cabinet out... Revealing a casket inside. Morgan places a cupcake with a lone birthday candle on the casket.

MORGAN
Happy birthday, Tommy. Tell your father I said hi.

WE HEAR the opening chords of The Who’s “Happy Jack”...

CUT TO

CLOSE UP of the turntable needle tracking the grooves of a spinning record by The Who.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

“Happy Jack” continues to play as...

Morgan, Gina, and Sgt. Knox are watching Pete Townshend through the observation window.

They’re observing the Infected closely as he squirms in his seat, agitated by the music, angrily growling!

Gina turns to Morgan, hands him a file folder.

GINA
Make this one count. For Scott.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Pete Townshend frantically looks around as “Happy Jack” blare over the speakers.

Morgan enters the room.

Pete thrusts his jaws out, his rotten teeth rattling, tongue wagging.

Morgan sits down across from Pete, lifts his right index finger. The music suddenly stops.

Pete relaxes, letting loose a low growl.

Morgan growls back...

MORGAN'S VOICE
Let me be clear, you are my prisoner. I will treat you as I have treated others of your kind, which is with no mercy. You will most likely not survive the next few hours. And when you die, you'll be grateful for it because your time with me will be unpleasant. Do you understand? Nod, if you do.

Pete Townshend nods.

MORGAN'S VOICE
Good. You will be surprised to discover I speak your language. Don't let that disorient you or cloud your thoughts. I need you to focus on my words. I will speak, you will listen. I will question, you will answer. This is non-negotiable.

Morgan slams a beat-up paperback copy of Heminginway's THE SUN ALSO RISES onto the table.

MORGAN
We found this on you when you were brought in.

Pete Townshend eyes it curiously.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Interesting. I'd totally forgotten about it.

MORGAN
Do you forget easily?

PETE TOWNSHEND
My nerve endings don't work, so I stopped feeling things in my pocket.

Morgan raises the book.

MORGAN
Tell me what this book is about.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Is this a book club?

MORGAN
Just tell me.

PETE TOWNSHEND
I don't know... something about an impotent American journalist living in Paris. He's all gaga over some Englishwoman. You should read it.

MORGAN
I have.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Then why'd you ask me about it?

MORGAN
Just checking. You remember how you got here?

PETE TOWNSHEND
Why are you so interested with my memory?

MORGAN
Just answer the question.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Yes, I remember. You guys dragged me in here.

MORGAN
Can you be more specific?

PETE TOWNSHEND
There was a pack of us, moving up Main Street.

MORGAN
Where were you coming from?

PETE TOWNSHEND
The east end, which was dry as a nun's cooch. Everything was picked off. We haven't seen food for almost three days.

MORGAN
What was so special about Main Street?

PETE TOWNSHEND
It was there we saw an overturned bus. Car wreckage is not an unusual sight in the city, but this bus was special. Oh yes, we hit the jackpot with this one.

A grin forms along the zombie's face as he recants his story.

PETE TOWNSHEND
It was full of dead passengers, barely a day old, still fresh with blood.

MORGAN
And blood is important, because it helps you break down the flesh you eat. That's why you don't eat each other, infected flesh is dry.

PETE TOWNSHEND
You're an expert, are you?

MORGAN
I've done my homework. Continue...

PETE TOWNSHEND
We were so excited to find such a payload of food that no one paid much attention to anything else. That's when your soldiers snuck up around the corner.

MORGAN
What's your name?

PETE TOWNSHEND
Jeffery.

MORGAN
(surprised)
You remember your name?

PETE TOWNSHEND
Why wouldn't I?

MORGAN
You're now known as Pete Townshend.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Why?

MORGAN
I'll be asking the questions. Do you remember what year it is?

PETE TOWNSHEND
2019.

MORGAN
(nodding)
Very good. Place of birth?

PETE TOWNSHEND
I'm hungry.

MORGAN
We'll get to that in a moment. Place of birth?

PETE TOWNSHEND
Sarasota, Florida.

MORGAN
Beautiful at this time of the year.

PETE TOWNSHEND
I wouldn't know. Moved to Minnesota for College.

MORGAN
Minnesota? There's where I'm from.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Really? You lost the accent.

MORGAN
When did you turn?

PETE TOWNSHEND
We prefer the term 'merge'. Merging with our infected nature.

MORGAN
Okay, when did you merge?

PETE TOWNSHEND
Almost a year ago. I was at my home in Redwood Falls. It's in Southern Minnesota.

MORGAN
I know where it is.

PETE TOWNSHEND
I wasn't testing you.

MORGAN
How many humans have you killed?

PETE TOWNSHEND
My memory is not THAT good.

MORGAN
That many?

PETE TOWNSHEND
Each taste better than the last. I bet you taste good.

MORGAN
Do you miss your family?

PETE TOWNSHEND
Yes, but not in the way you think.

MORGAN
Explain.

PETE TOWNSHEND
I miss them because I have this urge to eat them. I know their flesh would be very satisfying. Especially my 8 year old daughter. I see so clearly in my head the vision of me tearing the limbs from her torso like wings from a butterfly. I would clean each bone of their meat as she begged me to stop, cried out in pain the words 'Daddy Daddy', but I keep eating her until I rip out her heart with my jaws because...

Pause.

PETE TOWNSHEND
...because I'm no longer her Daddy.

Pete Townshend licks his crusty lips. The hunger setting in.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Why are you asking me all these questions?

MORGAN
I'm trying to find out who was the first to be infected.

PETE TOWNSHEND
You mean The Original?

Morgan perks up.

MORGAN
Is that what you call him?

PETE TOWNSHEND
Yes.

MORGAN
We call him Patient Z.

PETE TOWNSHEND
That's catchy too.

MORGAN
Have you ever met Patient Z?

PETE TOWNSHEND
No. But there are stories.

MORGAN
Such as?

PETE TOWNSHEND
Just that he is the father of all being.

MORGAN
Tell me where he is.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Why would I?

MORGAN
Because you have to.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Or what?

MORGAN
There is no or what.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Is that a threat?

MORGAN
I don’t have to threaten you.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Then why would I answer any of your questions.

MORGAN
Because you can’t lie.

Pete Townshend pauses, thinking about Morgan’s declaration.

MORGAN
You probably haven’t realized that, have you?

PETE TOWNSHEND
I don’t know what you mean.

MORGAN
You said your name is Jeffery. Now try to identify yourself by another name.

Pete Townshend is silent, tilts his head in confusion.

MORGAN
Go ahead. Try it.

The Infected struggles for the words, practically choking on his own tongue.

MORGAN
Tell me, what’s your name?

PETE TOWNSHEND
My name...
(pause)
...is Jeffery.

Pete Townshend’s face drops with revelatory shock.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Why? How?

MORGAN
The fact that you don’t know the answer to that, is exactly what separates you from being human.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Then I won't tell you anything at all.

MORGAN
Excuse me?

PETE TOWNSHEND
I may not be able to lie, but I also don't have to tell the truth simply by not saying anything.

MORGAN
That's probably not a good idea.

PETE TOWNSHEND
What are you going to do? Torture me?
(chuckles)
I don't feel pain.

MORGAN
But you feel the hunger.

Morgan glances at the observation window.

MORGAN
Gina, show us the west corridor.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Gina turns to one of the computer Techs.

GINA
Bring up cameras 24 through 32.

The Tech taps at a few keys on a keyboard.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A flat screen monitor on the wall suddenly comes alive. Morgan and Pete Townshend turn to watch as...

THE MONITOR shows a live image of a very long hallway elsewhere in this military compound. The walls are lined with glass doors to tiny containment units.

In each cramped unit is an imprisoned infected, and they're moaning in pain, tortured by the hunger of not having fed on meat for awhile.

MORGAN (V.O.)
That's a live feed of our containment units. And those are some of your friends we keep around for further interrogation and studies.

Suddenly, The Who's song 'Happy Jack' plays again over the loud speaker system, the music piped into each containment unit.

The music sends the infected into a frenetic state, driving them stir-crazy!

MORGAN (V.O.)
Music has an interesting affect on the Infected. In small doses, it agitates and disorients. That's why we play it before an interrogation. But a steady diet of music can be dangerous for you. It's because the hair cells in the cochlea of your inner ear are so damaged, the contorted signals are transmitted through the brainstem.

The captured Infected let out ghoulish groans of pain, banging on the glass doors, desperate to get away from the music.

MORGAN (V.O.)
The rotted cortex of your brain is unable to process music and your body doesn't know how to deal with it. The only defense your body has is hunger. Music amplifies that defense.

We focus on one of the contained infected, this one frantically claws at his own head... Then... With a sickening CRACK... Opens his own skull like a coconut...

It moans as it pulls pieces of its own brains out, begins eating it.

MORGAN (V.O.)
But when you're locked up in a cage and you're unable to find a food source, the hunger becomes so great you'll eventually eat yourself.

Soon the infected eats enough of its own grey matter to kill itself. The infected keels over, slumps to the floor as bits of its own brain tumbles from its gaping mouth.

MORGAN (V.O.)
After what you did to my friend, Scott, I have no reason not to lock you up and make you listen to music.

BACK ON, Pete Townshend's face, contorted with fear.

MORGAN
So, tell me... Where is Patient Z?

Pete looks at the monitor, then back on Morgan. If he could gulp, he would.

PETE TOWNSHEND
I don't know.

Morgan gets up from his chair. Walks over. Pulls out his gun. Aims it at Pete Townshend.

MORGAN
Where is Patient Z?

Pete Townshend shakes his head.

PETE TOWNSHEND
I don't know.

Morgan cocks the hammer of the gun.

PETE TOWNSHEND
I don't know.

Pause.

Morgan gently pushes the hammer back. Holsters his gun.

MORGAN
I believe you.

Morgan turns to the one-sided window.

MORGAN
Scan him.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

Pete Townshend is tied down to a bed connected to a CT scanner machine.

Pete growls, struggles with his restraint as the bed slowly moves him through the donut hole of the scanner. LOUD CLICKS as the machine scans his brain.

TWO MEDICS monitor the system, reading the results.

INT. CONTAINMENT UNITS - NIGHT

The soldiers drag Pete Townshend down a long hallway of containment units.

On both sides of the hallway, imprisoned zombies helplessly observe as they toss Pete Townshend into one of the units.

The glass door slides and shuts him in. Pete Townshend presses himself against the glass door.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Please! No music! Please!

Pete Townshend crumbles to his knees as the soldiers foot steps disappear down the hallway.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Gina pointing to the illuminated x-ray of the human brain.

GINA
This is the brain of someone who was infected just last week. Note the irregularities through most of the cerebrum. We categorized this kind of infected as a Sub-Walker.

Gina points to the cerebrum and its Swish cheese-like landscape.

Sitting around a long conference table is Sergeant Knox, several other military top brass, and the DEFENSE SECURITY.

They observe attentively as Gina places a second slide next to the first image. The second slide displays another human brain x-ray.

GINA
This is the brain of the infected we refer to as Pete Townshend. Notice that 87% of the cerebrum is still intact and fairly healthy. He is what we call an Alpha-Walker.

A flat screen monitor on the wall comes alive. All eyes turn to it as the monitor show columns of other brain scans, and they all look similar to Pete Townshend’s.

GINA
Pete's brain matches several other Alpha-Walkers we captured who also have high memory retention. All got infected a year ago around the time the virus first broke out. The longer a person has been when infected, the higher the chances of memory retention. Which means the virus continues to mutate as it's passed from person to person. Eventually the evolution of the virus will hit a diminishing return and all infected will have no trace of human memory.

SERGEANT KNOX
The other important link between Alpha-Walkers is that we're consistently finding them the further north we sweep across Minnesota. So our tracking system is working.

ADMIRAL
Why Minnesota?

GINA
Not sure, admiral. But I theorize that might be where their hive is -- ground zero of the infection.

All the military brass glance at each other.

GINA
If we continue tracking Alpha-Walkers, there's a good chance it could lead us to Patient Z. That means expanding our search further north.

Gina points to a map of the United States on the wall.

SERGEANT KNOX
For the record, I'm not 100% convinced. What if Patient Z has migrated elsewhere?

GINA
That's why we have to act quickly.

SERGEANT KNOX
That's like finding a needle in a haystack.

SERGEANT KNOX (CONT'D)
I'm not risking more soldiers on such a low percentage mission.

GINA
We don't know what the percentage is, but we do know we are getting closer.
(to Defense Secretary)
And there is no Plan B, sir.

SERGEANT KNOX
No Plan B doesn't mean we have a good Plan A.

GINA
I was right about Hawaii.

SERGEANT KNOX
That has nothing to do with what we're-

GINA
If only you had conveyed to them what I suggested, we wouldn't have-

DEFENSE SECRETARY
Quiet!!!

The room goes dead silence. All eyes on the Defense Secretary.

The Defense Secretary balls his hands into fists, taps his knuckles against his chin. Thinking. Weighing the options.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
Sounds like actionable intel to me.

SERGEANT KNOX
Mr. Secretary-

DEFENSE SECRETARY
It's not a straight line to Patient Z, but we should be able to triangulate.

SERGEANT KNOX
Sir, but-!

DEFENSE SECRETARY
She WAS right about Hawaii.

That shuts up Knox. Gina beams.

GINA
Thank you, sir.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
(to Gina)
Don’t ever bring up Hawaii again. Thousands of people died and it’s not something you should be proud of being right about.

The Defense Secretary glances up at the map.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
Send all units north for a thorough sweep. If we’re going to do this, we’re going to do it right.
(turn to Sgt. Knox)
Pull the trigger. And pray.

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Meanwhile...

Morgan’s in bed, deep in slumber but twisting and turning.

On his bedside table, we see the framed photo of his wife Janet.

At the foot of the photo is the pill bottle Gina prescribed to him. The bottle is open, on its side, with pills spilled out.

Obviously, Morgan’s taken some. How many? We’ll never know. But enough to give him restless sleep.

SLOWLY PUSH IN on Morgan’s sleeping face...

Creeping into the soundtrack comes the opening of The Moody Blue’s “Knights In White Satin”...

CUT TO

FLASHBACK OF

The same record player from the Observation Room... The needle on top of a spinning record...

Then CRASH!!!

JANET’S VOICE
Ow!!

WE SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

The record player is located behind the counter of a small, independent book store that sells used books and records.

PULL BACK FURTHER

Pass rows and rows of tall bookshelves. Pass crates of used records. Finally settling on...

Janet sprawled on the floor, wincing in pain with dozens of books scattered around her. Next to her is a ladder which she obviously fell off of.

In the background, the store's front entrance opens. Morgan enters, carrying a paper bag.

MORGAN
Lunch time!

He looks behind the counter, doesn't see his wife.

MORGAN
Janet?

JANET
Over here!

Morgan looks over, shocked to find Janet on the floor. He rushes over.

MORGAN
What happened? Are you okay?

JANET
I'm fine. Was trying to reach the top shelf.

Janet bends over to pick up a few of the books. The blue butterfly necklace glimmers as it hangs from her neck. Morgan stops her.

MORGAN
No, leave them. Let's have lunch here.

JANET
On the floor?

MORGAN
It'll be like when we first moved into our studio apartment and didn't have furniture yet.

JANET
(smiles)
Silly.

Morgan pulls out Thai food from the paper bag. Leaning against book shelves, they enjoy their lunch on the floor.

The lyrics to “Nights In White Satin” floating through the store.

JANET
Do you remember the first time we heard this song?

MORGAN
Yes, it was at a gas station. I was filling up my car on our first date.

JANET
(nodding)
I always wondered why they played such a beautiful song at something so ugly like a gas station.

MORGAN
It’s to keep the riff raff from loitering.

JANET
Really?

MORGAN
Oh yeah, they did psychological studies on this. Older music agitates kids who, on a subconscious-level, think it’s not ‘cool’ enough, which makes them not want to hang out in the area. That’s why gas stations play non-contemporary music at their pumps.

JANET
You’re a spermologer.

Morgan almost chokes on his Pad Thai at Janet’s words.

MORGAN
A what?

JANET
Someone who is full of trivia.

MORGAN
I'm not a good spermologer if I don't know what the word means.

Morgan scratches at his ring finger, where a wedding ring is supposed to be. Janet notices.

MORGAN
Still not used to not wearing it.

JANET
Oh my God! What time is it?

Morgan glances at his watch.

MORGAN
Almost 2:30.

JANET
Shoot! I'm gonna be late to the restaurant.

Janet gets up.

JANET
I won't be home for dinner. Are you-?

MORGAN
There'll be plenty of leftovers.

Janet rushes to the counter, grabs her purse. Morgan follows her.

JANET
I'll try and get off as soon as possible. But we had a few servers quit and-

MORGAN
I'm sorry, honey.

JANET
Sorry for what?

MORGAN
When we got married we vowed to do everything together.
This store was to be our adventure for the rest of our lives. I'm sorry you have to-

JANET
Hey, it's okay.

MORGAN
It’s not okay. We had to sell our-

JANET
It’s only jewelry, honey. Once we’re back on our feet, I’m sure we can get them back.

Morgan nods. Knows she’s right. As usual.

JANET
No matter how tough things get, it’s not the end of the world.

MORGAN
You’re the best. Let me walk you out.

EXT. BOOK STORE - DAY

Morgan walks Janet out of the store. We see the sign above the store: **“WAX PHILOSOPHICAL - USED BOOKS & RECORDS”**

He leads Janet to her car, which is parked right out front.

Janet slides into the driver seat. Rolls down the window and peeks through it.

JANET
Where are we in the alphabet?

MORGAN
I believe it’s T. Your turn.

Janet ponders.

JANET
T is for tears. I don’t remember the last time I cried because you make me so happy.

You can tell by the look on Morgan’s face he’s looking at the woman of his dreams and couldn’t be happier.

He leans in and kisses her through the window.

She starts the engine. He smiles as Janet drives away.

WE STAY ON Morgan as he continues to watch her drive off, the car engine fading in the distance.

Morgan turns, heads back towards the store. Then...

A CRASH off-screen!

Morgan spins around, looks into the distance.

MORGAN
Janet?

Morgan's face contorts with panic and fear at what he sees!

MORGAN
JANET!!!

BACK TO PRESENT TENSE

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Morgan BOLTS up in bed, screaming...

MORGAN
JANET!!!

Breathing heavily, he slowly orients himself. These dreams get more vivid each time.

He looks over at the framed photo of Janet.

With trembling fingers, Morgan grabs 2 more pills from the table, pops them into his mouth.

INT. ISOLATION WARD - DAY

Morgan makes his way down the hallway of the Isolation Ward. He approaches the cage at the end.

Staring through the bars of the cage, he sees the imprisoned Infected sitting with its back to him.

MORGAN
How you feeling?

INFECTED
Hungry.

MORGAN
I can bring you more steak.

The Infected finally turns its entire body towards Morgan -- and we're shocked to see the blue topaz butterfly necklace around its neck!

Holy shit! This Infected is JANET!

JANET
Doesn't matter. I'll still be hungry.

Morgan sits down on the ground, facing the cage.

JANET
What's the world like out there?

MORGAN
Not good.

JANET
What else is new?

MORGAN
You know how in movies when there's an alien invasion all the countries in the world set aside their differences and come together to defeat a common enemy?

Beat.

MORGAN
Turns out real life is a lot more cruel. Instead there was a huge grab for power, hundreds of civil wars broke out. We're too busy fighting each other to save ourselves.

Beat.

MORGAN
There's something I've been meaning to tell you.

Janet tilts her head, waiting...

MORGAN
We're losing the war, Janet. We're desperate... We have to rebuild... We don't know how many humans are left... Some of us were paired off...

JANET
Paired off?

MORGAN
Yes. I had to... had to spend time with someone...

Janet nods, finally gets it.

JANET
Was it with the doctor?

Morgan is silent. His non-answer is confirmation enough for Janet.

JANET
She's pretty.

MORGAN
She chose me. I didn't choose her.

Long pause.

JANET
You take for granted the simple things that make you human, like tears. If I had any, I would cry.

MORGAN
They said it was my duty.

JANET
I know.

MORGAN
It doesn't mean anything.

JANET
Morgan, you don't have to explain.

Beat.

JANET
Morgan...

MORGAN
Yes?

JANET
I can't exist like this.

MORGAN
We're getting close.

JANET
Morgan-

MORGAN
You have to trust me, Janet. We're closing in on Patient Z.

JANET
Even if you found Patient Z, you still don't know for a fact that you'll be able to find a cure, much less one that reverses someone that has completely turned.

MORGAN
Honey-

JANET
No! I'm not your honey! Not anymore. I'm a monster!

Morgan reaches into the cage.

MORGAN
Promise me you won't give up.

She pulls back, looks away and hisses.

JANET
No!

MORGAN
It's okay.

JANET
Stay away from me. Please...

Her body trembles, fighting the urge to bite his hand.

JANET
You better go. I'm sorry.

He slowly pulls his hand back.

JANET
W is for waltz. Remember when we took a ballroom dance class and totally tripped all over each other?

Morgan nods, walks off down the hallway.

JANET
(to herself)
I miss my tears.

INT. REST ROOM - DAY

Sgt. Knox enters the bathroom. He walks over to the sink, his hands trembling.

He reaches into the inside of his jacket. Pulls out a flask.

He gulps from it. The warm booze instantly calming him.

He turns on the water. Washes his face...

But then hears someone crying.

He turns off the water. Listens. It's a female crying.

He hides the flask in his jacket, spins around. The weeping is coming from one of the stalls.

SERGEANT KNOX
Hello?

The only response is more crying.

Sgt. Knox creeps forward, approaching one of the stalls. He slowly opens its door.

Gina is sitting on the toilet, her dress hiked up and panties at her ankle. She is crying into her palms.

SERGEANT KNOX
Dr. Rose? You okay?

She nods, not able to look at him.

GINA
Please close the door.

Sgt. Knox continues staring at her with a certain look in his eyes -- we're not sure if it's a look of concern or he's being a pervy old man.

GINA
CLOSE THE FUCKIN' DOOR!

He quickly shuts the stall door.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Morgan sits alone at a table, eating his breakfast. Gina approaches and sits down across from him.

She quietly eats with her eyes glancing down. He waits for her to say something. But she doesn't.

An awkward moment that finally breaks when...

MORGAN
What's this thing about Hawaii?

She finally looks up.

GINA
You really want to know?

MORGAN
I’m not privy to a lot operational logistics. Would be nice to not be in the dark.

GINA
Infected are walking dead bodies. Any corpse overtime transforms into fertilizer, building up gases like ammonium nitrate. If an Infected full of gases walk the bottom of the ocean, the pressure would crush them. But you know what kind of infected can walk the bottom of the ocean?

MORGAN
The ones that just recently got turned.

GINA
Exactly, the Sub-Walkers. The distance between the states and Hawaii is not enough time for a new Infected to fully decompose and build up gas. That’s why I suggested they move everyone to Fiji, far enough where no infected could reach them.

Morgan suddenly winces in pain, rubs his temples.

GINA
You look like shit. I’m getting worried.

MORGAN
You don’t have to be.

GINA
This is taking a toll on you.

MORGAN
I’m fine, Gina.

GINA
Your headaches have only gotten worst. And you’re sleeping less.

MORGAN
What do you want me to do?

GINA
I want you to slow down. They can bring in an endless cavalcade of infected for you to interrogate but that's not helping you.

MORGAN
I'm the only one who can-

GINA
One person cannot bear that burden. It's too much. It'll break you. And I need you not broken.

MORGAN
I can do this. I have to.

GINA
This is not going to bring her back.

MORGAN
Don't mention my wife...

GINA
She's no longer your wife.

MORGAN
Yes, she is.

GINA
Then why are you fuckin' me?

MORGAN
It's my duty-

GINA
Don't give me that bullshit. I know how you touch me. It's more than that-

Morgan glances away.

GINA
Hey! Look at me.

Morgan looks at her.

GINA
It's time we think about the future. Together. It's the only way to save ourselves...

Gina reaches over, takes Morgan's hand into hers.

GINA
Just because your wife is dead doesn't mean you are too.

He flinches at her statement. Harsh but true.

MORGAN
She's not dead.

GINA
No, she's worse.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

The Mortician's ASSISTANT pushes a cabinet into the wall. The cabinet is labeled "Scott Murphy" and is positioned next to the cabinet labeled "Thomas Murphy". Father buried next to son.

WE FOLLOW the Assistant walking across the room where Sgt. Knox and the Mortician stand over five body bags (the corpses of the dead soldiers from the latest raid -- the same body bags we saw in the beginning).

5 medals dangle from Sgt. Knox's hands. The Mortician readies a pen against a clipboard.

The Assistant unzips the first body bag, revealing the corpse of the first dead soldier.

MORTICIAN
(writes on clipboard)
Alexander Riggs.

Sgt. Knox gently lays a medal across the soldier's chest.

The Assistant moves on and unzips the second body bag.

MORTICIAN
(writes on clipboard)
Hank Downey.

Sgt. Knox gently lays a medal across the chest of the second soldier.

The Assistant unzips the third body bag.

MORTICIAN
(writes on clipboard)
Stephen Tartakoff.

Sgt. Knox gently lays a medal across the chest of the third soldier.

The Assistant unzips the fourth body bag.

MORTICIAN
(writes on clipboard)
Theodore Garrison.

Sgt. Knox gently lays a medal across the chest of the fourth soldier.

The Assistant unzips the fifth body bag.

MORTICIAN
(writes on clipboard)
Marcus Stone.

Sgt. Knox moves in to lay the medal across the fifth soldier's chest --

But he suddenly stops.

The Mortician peers over his glasses at the Sergeant.

MORTICIAN
Something wrong, Sergeant?

SERGEANT KNOX
Affirmative. Have you examined the bodies?

MORTICIAN
Protocol dictates the autopsy is done after the ceremony, sir.

Sgt. Knox gestures to the fifth soldier's body.

SERGEANT KNOX
Something don't seem right.

The Mortician and the Assistant lean in for a closer look at the body.

MORTICIAN
Not sure what you mean, sir. I don't see anything that would-

The 5th dead soldier, MARCUS, suddenly COMES TO LIFE! And BITES the Mortician's nose! Rips it right off!

MORTICIAN
AAAHHHHHHHH!!!

Sgt. Knox pulls out his gun -- AIMS and...

Marcus throws the Mortician at Sgt. Knox, knocking them both to the ground. The gun goes tumbling across the floor and under a metal cabinet.

Marcus then grabs at the skin of his own face, pulling it off! Revealing an Infected underneath -- who was wearing the skin of Marcus' face like a mask ala Hannibal Lecter.

This Infected is called THE PROFESSOR (for reasons you will know later).

The Assistant is paralyzed by fright, finally finds the nerve to turn and run. But too late --

The Professor grabs the Assistant, begins chewing at his face! The Assistant SCREAMING and STRUGGLING!

Sgt. Knox dives to the floor, reaches under the metal cabinet. The gun just inches beyond his reach.

The Mortician staggers to the wall, moaning in pain as blood spills from where his nose used to be. He presses the ALARM BUTTON!

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

Morgan pokes at his food as his conversation with Gina continues....

MORGAN
I don't want to talk about my wife anymore.

GINA
Fine. There's something else I want tell you...
(collects herself)
You should know that-

THE ALARM SUDDENLY BLARES!!! Everyone stops, looks around with confusion.

MORGAN
What's going on?

Gina bolts from her chair. Runs to the wall where a red phone is hanging.

She picks up the phone. It instantly connects her to the observation room.

GINA
(into phone)
What's happening?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Tech team who are frantically typing at their keyboards. One of the Tech's speak to Gina through his ear-set.

TECH
The alarm was triggered from the morgue.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Morgan, Gina, and a team of armed FOUR SOLDIERS rush their way down the hall, heading straight for the morgue.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

The Professor continues to feast on the Assistant's face!

ASSISTANT
Help! Help me!

ANGLE ON,

Sgt. Knox, grunting as he stretches for the gun under the cabinet.

His fingers, touching the gun --

He stretches further --

Fingers loop around the gun's handle.

But he's suddenly pulled back, dragged across the floor.

Sgt. Knox turns over, finds the Mortician, now fully turned into an Infected, on top of him!

The Mortician is about to take a bite out of Sgt. Knox!

But Sgt. Knox jams the gun into the Mortician's open mouth --

Pulls the trigger --

BANG! The Mortician is thrown backwards as his brains peacock out from back of the skull!

Sgt. Knox turns around -- sees the Assistant on the ground, his body spasms, face a bloody pulp. He's turning into an Infected!

Sgt. Knox grits his teeth -- aims his gun--

BANG! Pops open the top of the Assistant's skull with a bullet -- brains spilling out.

Sgt. Knox gets to his feet, turns just in time to see The Professor KICKING a gurney his way!

WHAM!

The gurney knocks Sgt. Knox down -- the body bag tumbles to the floor.

The Professor POUNCES on top of Sgt. Knox! Has the sergeant pinned to the floor.

Sgt. Knox swings the gun at The Professor face. The Professor grabs Knox's wrist, jerks the gun inches to the left --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three bullets rip through The Professor's left shoulder. It does nothing to slow down the Infected.

The Professor pins both of Knox's arm to the floor. Bends down, mouth wide open, grey tongue wagging with thirst!

Just inches from biting Sgt. Knox's face...!

Until Knox KNEES The Professor in the groin! Which has no effect -- but gives the sergeant enough space to leverage himself and--

FLIPS The Professor onto his back! Sgt. Knox is now on top, straddling the infected.

The Professor growls violently.

Knox points the gun at The Professor's head. Finger curling around the trigger --

MORGAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Stop! Don't kill him!

Morgan, Gina, and the four soldiers spill into the room.

SERGEANT KNOX
Give me one good fuckin' reason not to!

MORGAN
He wants to talk to me.

This gives Sgt. Knox pause as the Professor continues to growl.

MORGAN
He's saying he wants to speak to the one gifted with the language of the undead.

The Beatles' "Yellow Submarine" slams onto the soundtrack as...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

IN SLOW-MOTION --

Several armed soldiers escort The Professor into the interrogation room.

His hands cuffed, the Professor doesn't resist at all as he's placed in his seat. His demeanor is calm, serene. His posture is perfect.

The Soldiers lock his feet to the chains bolted to the ground. Then the soldiers leave the room.

The Professor sits calmly. Unnaturally calm... Seemingly nodding his head to the rhythm of the music.

He reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a pack of smokes. And a box of matches.

The visual to song is hypnotic as The Professor gently places a cigarette between his lips.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan, Gina, and Sgt. Knox watch through the observation window. Watching The Professor.

They're expecting The Professor to react violently to the music as every infected has before him.

Gina looks to Morgan with a concerned look. Morgan tenses up. Even the usually stoic Sgt. Knox furrows his brow.

They’re thinking the same thing:

This Infected is different.

This Infected is dangerous.

Gina turns to Morgan, hands him the case file.

GINA
He had a campus I.D. on him. Says he’s a professor at the University of Minnesota.

SERGEANT KNOX
What kind of professor?

Morgan takes the file into his hands.

MORGAN
Does it matter?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Morgan steps into the interrogation room.

He’s fascinated by The Professor, who sits comfortably in his chair.

The Professor puts a cigarette to his lips.

Morgan sits down, raises his finger.

The music abruptly stops. A moment of tense silence as Morgan and The Professor size each other up.

MORGAN
Let me be clear, you are my prisoner. I will treat you as I have treated others of your kind, which is with no mercy. You will most likely not survive the next few hours. And when you die, you’ll be grateful for it because your time with me will be unpleasant. Do you understand? Nod, if you do.

The Professor nods.

MORGAN
Good. You will be surprised to discover I speak your language.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Don’t let that disorient you or cloud your thoughts. I need you to focus on my words. I will speak, you will listen. I will question, you will answer. This is non-negotiable.

Morgan flips a page in the file.

MORGAN
How did the invasion start?

Pause.

MORGAN
Are you listening to me?

Pause.

MORGAN
How did it start? How does it spread? What’s your end game?

Long pause.

MORGAN
You got nothin’ to say? Is that how you want to play it? Okay, fine. But I’m not the one driven by the hunger.

Pause.

MORGAN
I’m not the one tortured by the burn. I can do this all day, all night. I’m going to get my answers from you. No matter how long it takes.

The Professor lights a match.

The flame ignites the end of his cigarette.

He lets out a puff... Smoke creeping out through the holes in his cheeks... Swirling around his face like a ghost.

THE PROFESSOR
Trust me, my friend... Time is a luxury you cannot afford.

The Professor returns the cigarette to his spotted lips and inhales. As the end of the cigarette glows and crackles...

MORGAN
Amazing that you smoke.

THE PROFESSOR
It doesn't effect me.

MORGAN
Yet you still do it.

The Professor offers a cigarette to Morgan.

MORGAN
I quit.

THE PROFESSOR
Good for you. I, however, am a lifetime smoker. Ironically, it's not what killed me.

MORGAN
Why do it now that you're dead?

THE PROFESSOR
Pleasure without consequence.

The Professor takes another puff.

THE PROFESSOR
Besides, I remember the sensation quite fondly.

MORGAN
You remember a lot of things, don't you?

THE PROFESSOR
I suppose.

MORGAN
You said you wanted to talk to me.

THE PROFESSOR
I wanted to see if the rumors were correct. To meet the one gifted with the language of the undead.

Morgan gives a surprised look.

MORGAN
How do you know about me?

THE PROFESSOR
Oh, you know us Infected. We just love to gossip.

Morgan writes in the file.

MORGAN
You're a Professor?

THE PROFESSOR
By passion and trade.

MORGAN
You remember teaching?

THE PROFESSOR
Of course.

MORGAN
You remember your students?

THE PROFESSOR
Every last one of them.
(puffs smoke)
Cause I ate them.

MORGAN
Ate them?

THE PROFESSOR
Yes. The moment I merged, I felt this sensation of hunger like no other. The hunger was crippling, to the point that I fell to me knees in pain. Then one of my students approached me out of concern, asking if I was okay. Her hand was on my shoulder, so I turned and sank my teeth into her plump thigh. She screamed, tried to pull away. But I clamped my jaws tighter, her warm blood gushing into my mouth.
(beat)
She was a good student. Very attentive.

MORGAN
How long have you been dead?

THE PROFESSOR
Am I?

MORGAN
You're certainly not alive.

THE PROFESSOR
I'm here conversing with you, animated, enjoying a smoke -- not exactly the symptoms of death.

MORGAN
But you're not human.

THE PROFESSOR
What is it to be human?

MORGAN
(chuckles)
This isn't one of your classes, Professor.

THE PROFESSOR
I'm asking a simple question.

MORGAN
A diverting question.

THE PROFESSOR
Diverting from what?

MORGAN
Tell me why the music doesn't bother you?

THE PROFESSOR
Is it supposed to?

MORGAN
It has with every other Infected.

THE PROFESSOR
So because of the behavior of a few, you assume we're all like that?

MORGAN
Just an observation.

THE PROFESSOR
A broad observation that doesn't take into account individuality.

MORGAN
Infected have personalities?

THE PROFESSOR
Why not?

MORGAN
Because that goes against everything we know about them.

THE PROFESSOR
Are you aware how narrow-minded you sound?

Morgan puts down his pen, glares at The Professor for a few seconds. Recalibrating his thoughts.

MORGAN
Tell me about Patient Z.

THE PROFESSOR
I won't.

MORGAN
Oh you will.

THE PROFESSOR
Are you intentionally being this obtuse?

MORGAN
You can't lie, Professor.

THE PROFESSOR
Is that so?

MORGAN
That is my understanding of your nature, yes.

THE PROFESSOR
YOU'RE understanding of MY nature? That's quite precious. And how did you reach this height of enlightenment?

MORGAN
By interrogating many of your kind.

THE PROFESSOR
But many isn't all.

MORGAN
It's enough.

THE PROFESSOR
Enough until proven otherwise.

MORGAN
Like yourself?

THE PROFESSOR
Perhaps.

MORGAN
So you’re the anomaly?

THE PROFESSOR
Do you believe in exceptions?

MORGAN
Yes.

THE PROFESSOR
Do the math.

MORGAN
You’re telling me you have the ability to lie?

THE PROFESSOR
If I did have the ability to lie, how could you believe me if I did?

MORGAN
Or maybe you’re just a master at avoiding the question, which is not necessarily lying.

THE PROFESSOR
The burden of absolute truth is yours since it is what you seek.

MORGAN
It’s only logical that you can’t lie.

THE PROFESSOR
Explain.

MORGAN
I will, by answering your question.

THE PROFESSOR
My question?

MORGAN
What is it to be human?

THE PROFESSOR
Oh, so class is in session after all?

MORGAN
Only humans have free will.

THE PROFESSOR
Go on...

MORGAN
Lying is a choice.

THE PROFESSOR
Ahhh, I see... You're postulating that because I am not human, I have no free will, hence I don't have the ability to choose to lie.

MORGAN
Correct.

THE PROFESSOR
But what if your definition of being human has been incorrect this whole time?

MORGAN
As in...?

THE PROFESSOR
As in your humanity, or lack thereof, is measured by the level of evil you choose to engage in.

The Professor raises his cuffed wrists, stares at his hands.

THE PROFESSOR
The kind of evil that makes you look at your trembling hands and ask yourself, 'What did I do?'

MORGAN
My choice to be evil, if I so wish, is what makes me human.

THE PROFESSOR
The fallacy of your premise presumes that humankind is perfection incarnate. There's no such thing as perfection. Everything is by degrees. And why is it so great to be human if that comes with the ability to create such evil? Evil is barbaric. Barbaric is not civil. And non-civility is not evolved.

Morgan pauses, pondering.

THE PROFESSOR
If I am a creature of impulse, driven solely by the purity of my hunger with not a single evil intent, than I would argue I am a more evolved organism than you.

MORGAN
An evolved organism that devours humans without a conscience?

THE PROFESSOR
The same way humans devour cows and chickens without a conscience.

MORGAN
That’s sustenance.

THE PROFESSOR
Exactly. The food chain. Nothing speaks to evolution more naturally than that.

MORGAN
Your point is?

THE PROFESSOR
My point is between humans and the Infected, who do you think is on top of the food chain?

MORGAN
You’re delusional. Like animals you don’t have a soul, operating only on instinct. No free will, no choice. Animals can’t lie.

THE PROFESSOR
So animals can’t lie, infected can’t lie.

MORGAN
Right.

THE PROFESSOR
Then by your logic, I am more truthful cause my actions nor my words are corrupted by choice.

MORGAN
No, you’re just giving a lack of proper response and calling it truth.

THE PROFESSOR
But truth is absolute, independent of intentions.

MORGAN
Truth is relative, not absolute.

THE PROFESSOR
Truth is discovered, not invented.

MORGAN
Experience is my highest truth. And my experience tells me you're just dancing around the question but eventually your true nature will force you to tell me what I want to know.

THE PROFESSOR
But you're working on the belief that my true nature is absolute, which is anti-thesis to your belief that truth is relative.

MORGAN
I can back my argument with evidence.

THE PROFESSOR
Declaring something doesn't necessarily make it so.

MORGAN
I can drag in every Infected we have locked up and you can try to get them to lie and they won't. That's my evidence.

THE PROFESSOR
Ad Ignorantiam.

Morgan pauses, not sure what The Professor means.

MORGAN
I guess it's your turn at the podium.

The Professor drops his cigarette. Extinguishes by stepping on it.

THE PROFESSOR
There was a time when astronomers were convinced the moon was a perfect sphere.

The Professor pulls out a second cigarette.

THE PROFESSOR
Galileo explained to them the lunar landscape was not a smooth surface but made of rough mountains and valleys, which could be viewed through his telescope.
The scholars retorted that the moon's irregularities are filled in by a transparent crystalline substance. And this hypothesis, which saves the perfection of the heavenly bodies, Galileo could not prove false.

He lights his cigarette.

THE PROFESSOR
Unable to prove the nonexistence of the transparent crystal supposedly filling the valleys, Galileo put forward the equally probable hypothesis that there were rearing up from the invisible envelope on the moon, even greater mountain valley peaks -- but made of crystal and thus invisible. And just like those astronomers, you're arguing from ignorance, saying something is true simply on the basis it hasn't been proven false.

Morgan pulls out his gun, slams it on the table. The Professor smiles, smoking his cigarette with great pleasure.

THE PROFESSOR
Is that supposed to scare me?

MORGAN
Class is over. Where is Patient Z?

THE PROFESSOR
There is none.

MORGAN
The virus had to start somewhere.

The Professor points to his own chest.

THE PROFESSOR
What if it started here?

Morgan cocks his head with confusion.

THE PROFESSOR
What if the virus laid dormant in all of us since the beginning of time, but it wasn't until the extremes of modern stress that caused it to awaken?

MORGAN
Bullshit.

THE PROFESSOR
What if we are all Patient Z?

Morgan sits for a moment in silence, stewing in the air of The Professor's obvious smugness.

MORGAN
I change my mind.

THE PROFESSOR
Pardon?

MORGAN
I'll have a cigarette after all.

The Professor smiles, offers a smoke from his pack. Morgan gets up, slowly walks around the table.

He stops, keeps a safe distance as he reaches over and gently pulls a cigarette from the pack in The Professor's hand.

The Professor then lights a match, raises it up.

Morgan pauses, ponders. Should he? Morgan then lowers his head towards the match.

He's close enough to where The Professor could grab him and rip his face off.

But in this moment of rare trust... The Professor just lights the cigarette in Morgan's mouth.

Morgan straightens up, takes a few puffs from his cigarette.

The Professor sits quietly, smiling as he watching Morgan enjoying his smoke.

Morgan takes the cigarette out of his mouth, examines it. You can tell by the look on Morgan's face he's remembering the joy of it.

But then --

Morgan JABS the cigarette into The Professor's face.

The Professor doesn't flinch, but his smile fades as Morgan puts out his smoke.

MORGAN
There's nothing human about you. You're just an ashtray.

Morgan turns and leave the room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan steps into the observation room, rubbing his temples.

SERGEANT KNOX
What's wrong?

MORGAN
Headache.

SERGEANT KNOX
Then take a fuckin' Tylenol and get back in there.

MORGAN
This one is different.

GINA
What do you mean?

MORGAN
He's intelligent. He's able to maneuver my questions.

SERGEANT KNOX
He's fuckin' undead. There's nothing intelligent about him at all.

GINA
Morgan, what's he saying to you?

MORGAN
He's debating with me.

SERGEANT KNOX
Bullshit.

Morgan closes his eyes, rubs his temples again.

GINA
(to Morgan)
Do you need a minute?

MORGAN
No, the sergeant is right. I need to continue.

Gina reaches into her pocket, pulls out a tiny pill bottle. She slaps it into Morgan's palm.

GINA
Don't be so combative. Try empathy.

Morgan heads back into the interrogation room. But then stops, turns to Sgt. Knox.

MORGAN
To answer your question, Sergeant, he's a Professor of Philosophy and Logic.

Morgan continues on out the room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Professor continues smoking as he observes Morgan taking a seat again at the table.

Morgan pulls the bottle of wine out, pours himself a glass. He opens the pill bottle, pops two pills, and downs them with a gulp of wine.

THE PROFESSOR
How long have you been married?

MORGAN
(surprised)
How'd you know?

The Professor smirks.

THE PROFESSOR
Where is she?

A somber look drags Morgan's face.

MORGAN
She's no longer...

THE PROFESSOR
Truly sorry for your lost.

MORGAN
No, you're not.

THE PROFESSOR
I may not be human, but I'm not inhuman.

MORGAN
Hard to believe.

THE PROFESSOR
I lost my wife 10 years ago to cancer. I remember the pain of lost.

MORGAN
You don't have any feelings.

THE PROFESSOR
I didn't say I feel anything. I said I REMEMBER the pain. The pain of losing a loved one is something you don't forget.

MORGAN
What was her name?

THE PROFESSOR
Rita. She was a feisty, passionate Italian creature. She was deadly gorgeous. Looked like the kind of woman who had always been someone's muse, inspiring endless art and countless heartbreak. I was by her side when she passed. Last thing I said to her was I loved her.

MORGAN
I never got that chance.

THE PROFESSOR
That's tragic.

MORGAN
Janet and I had this thing -- we never liked saying good-bye to each other.

THE PROFESSOR
Cause good-bye sounds so permanent.

MORGAN
(nodding)
Every time we parted ways, instead of saying good-bye, we picked a topic from the alphabet.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
We'd recycle through all 26 letters over and over, and never once said good-bye to each other.
(chuckles)
We could never figure out what started with Z other than zebra.

THE PROFESSOR
How quaint.

MORGAN
We were on the letter T when the invasion happened in our area. She left our store to go work at the restaurant. My back was to her when she drove off and I heard this loud crash. I turned around and was shocked to see her car had slammed into a tree. She swerved to avoid hitting what turned out to be an infected in the middle of the road. Before she could unbuckle herself, she was covered in a swarm of them. I ran towards her. Thought I heard her calling out my name, but I'm not sure. I saw her arm reach out from the pile of bodies. I almost got to her when another one tackled me. I fell and knocked my head against something. I was out. I woke up days later in a hospital. They said I was clinically dead. But beyond the miracle of coming back to life, I also discovered I brought with me the ability to speak the language of the undead when I heard Janet calling out to me.

THE PROFESSOR
So your wife is infected?

MORGAN
(nodding)
I was walking by the Medical Ward where they were doing tests on her, heard her say my name. Imagine the look on everyone's faces when they all realized I understood her.

THE PROFESSOR
That's why you're so desperate to find Patient Z.

MORGAN
Find the source. Find the cure.

THE PROFESSOR
WE are the disease?

MORGAN
Yes.

THE PROFESSOR
What if humans are the disease?

Morgan squints at the question. Begins to feel the pressure of a headache.

THE PROFESSOR
What if we are earth's way of getting rid of the humans who have scorched it? What if we are the cure -- the antibody that the earth produced to fight back the human infection?

MORGAN
Enough with your theories. How did you know about me?

THE PROFESSOR
Let me float another theory then... Are you interested in nanotechnology?

MORGAN
Atomic size robots that operate at the molecular level. Now answer my question: How did you know about me?

Morgan grimaces, the headache expanding, creeping behind his eyes.

THE PROFESSOR
As a bioethicist, one of my fields of great interest was the merging of nanotechnology and noetic science. Noetic science states everything in the universe is made of energy - even human thought -- and all energy is made of photon based matter, thus human thought is also made of matter. These 'noetic-bots' could manipulate the molecules of human thought into physical manifestations.

THE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
You could think something and it would become true.

MORGAN
Highly improbable sci-fi bullshit.

THE PROFESSOR
I'm talking to a man who claims to have died and mysteriously come back with the language of the undead. You are in a precarious position to talk about probability.

The sting of the headache increases. Morgan doing his best not to show it, but his face tightens.

MORGAN
Where are you going with this?

THE PROFESSOR
This whole reality came from you! You're the one who is 'infected' by these noetic-bots. You thought out this virus invasion and it's spreading the more you think about it. The question is: what is triggering these thoughts? Traumatic emotions? Hidden sexual deviancy? Deep-seeded sociopathology?

MORGAN
You're not making any sense.

THE PROFESSOR
I'm talking to you about science. Existing science.

MORGAN
You're trying to fuck with me.

Morgan buckles over, holding his head. His skull pounding. The Professor tilts his head, casually observing Morgan in pain.

THE PROFESSOR
How are those headaches treating you? Those noetic-bots bouncing inside your head like popcorn in a popper.

Surprised, Morgan glances back up at The Professor.

THE PROFESSOR
I know about the headaches, Morgan. I know you better than you know yourself. You represent the next step in our evolution. The merging of both human and Infected. You are Patient Z hence forth!

The Professor's word echo through Morgan's brain, a crippling migraine.

But then Morgan take in several deep breaths. He steadies himself, finds his center, the pain subsiding.

MORGAN
This is not a philosophy class. This is war.

THE PROFESSOR
Then take an honest hard look around. If this is war, who do you think is winning?

Morgan cocks an eyebrow. The Professor just said a curious thing.

He does as instructed and glances around the room. A revelation slowly sinking in...

He stares at The Professor, studying him, reading him...

MORGAN
You think you're winning this war. Your posture, your tone, the words you use are from someone who believes they're in a position of power.
(pause)
Yet, you're the one in chains.

Morgan slowly straightens up, back to eye-level with The Professor.

MORGAN
You saw me take some pills. From that you deduced I have chronic headaches.

Morgan displays his ring finger, and the tan line around it.

MORGAN
You noticed the tan line around my ring finger, figured I was married. You're full of tricks, aren't you?

But then Morgan suddenly remembers...

MORGAN
Tricks like... You trojan horsed yourself in here.

The Professor remains quiet. His poker face firmly on.

Morgan gets up, walks circles around The Professor. Studying him from every angle.

MORGAN
You claim you wanted to talk to me. And that's certainly what we've been doing -- lots of talking.

More circling.

MORGAN
But we haven't been talking about anything specific. Just random bullshit. Going in circles.

More circling.

MORGAN
And circles.

More circling.

MORGAN
Just wasting...

Morgan pauses. His eyes light up.

MORGAN
...time. Time, which you claim we don't have much of.

The Professor's lips slightly curl. Morgan turns to the one-sided window.

MORGAN
Gina, bring me a wand.

Morgan turns to the Professor.

MORGAN
That's your purpose, isn't it, Professor? To waste time? To distract us?

The Professor remains silent.

MORGAN
But from what, Professor?

Gina runs in with a metal detector wand. She hands it to Morgan. Morgan waves it around The Professor's body.

Nothing abnormal.

GINA
What are you doing?

Morgan continues waving the wand at the Professor from head to toe.

GINA
He was thoroughly checked. There's nothing on him.

The wand is not picking up anything.

Morgan pauses, staring at The Professor. A million thoughts running through his head. What the fuck is this Infected up to?

GINA
Morgan?

It finally hits Morgan. He rushes out of the room.

GINA
Hey-!

INT. CONTAINMENT UNITS - NIGHT

Wand still in hand, Morgan marches down the hallway of the containment units. He stops at the unit holding Pete Townshend.

Pete Townshend's curled up on the floor, face pressed against the glass door of his prison.

MORGAN
Are you a plant?

PETE TOWNSHEND
I'm...hungry...

MORGAN
ARE YOU A PLANT?!

Pete Townshend is quiet.

MORGAN
Every prisoner I've interrogated have always been surprised at first that I could communicate with them. But not you. You seemed pretty casual about it.

Pete looks down, scratches his head. He wants to lie but can't.

MORGAN
You knew about me, didn't you? Just like The Professor.

Pete Townshend nods.

MORGAN
This whole thing was a set-up. You wanted to be captured.

PETE TOWNSHEND
Yes.

MORGAN
Why?

PETE TOWNSHEND
I can't lie to you.

Pete Townshend slowly staggers to his feet, propping himself against the wall.

Pete opens his mouth, and for a second, we think he's about to tell us something important... But instead...

Pete LAUGHS! Cackling loudly, an eerie laugh that's a cross between a witch and a dying cat.

Then Pete bends over at a 90 degree angle, aiming the top of his head at the wall across from him.

Morgan suddenly realizes what's going on.

MORGAN
SECURITY!!!

Pete Townshend RUSHES FORWARD -- SLAMS THE TOP OF HIS HEAD AGAINST THE CELL WALL! A disgusting THUD as his skull collapses.

MORGAN
SECURITY! OPEN UNIT 23!!!

Pete continues to cackle as he staggers back... Throws himself forward and... WHOMP! SLAMS his head against the wall again!

WHOMP! And again! WHOMP! WHOMP!

MORGAN
Open the fuckin' door!

Finally, THREE SOLDIERS run over... One of them frantically presses the keycode for the door.

The glass door HISSES open. But by then, Pete has dropped to the floor... His skull split wide open... His brain mashed potatoes.

The confused soldiers stare as Morgan waves the metal detector wand across Pete's body...

Up his legs... Pass his waist... To his belly... Where the wand suddenly BEEPS! Morgan turns to one of the soldiers.

MORGAN
Anybody have a knife?

One of the soldiers hands Morgan a tiny army knife.

Morgan SINKS the knife into Pete's stomach... Slicing flesh... Cutting a large wound...

The intense smell of rotten death hits them in the face, enough to gag.

He tosses the knife aside. Holds his breath as he digs his fingers into the wound...

Forces his hands into the cavity of Pete's belly, pushing through squishy flesh as he fingers crawl around inside.

Morgan pulls out decayed organs... Muscles... Finally finds what he's looking for!

The soldiers lean in closer, squinting at the tiny thing in Morgan's hand.

Morgan cleans the object with his shirt, brings it to his face for a closer look. <u>It's a tiny metal capsule.</u>

At the tip of the capsule is a BLINKING GREEN LIGHT!

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Gina, Sergeant Knox and the Defense Secretary sit at the conference table.

Morgan tosses the tiny capsule, it tumbles across the table and rests in front of the Defense Secretary.

MORGAN
What is that?

SERGEANT KNOX
It's a tracking device. But it's one of our's.

Morgan looks to Knox with surprise.

SERGEANT KNOX
We implant them in a few of the captured Alpha-Walkers. Then we release them to be tracked in the wild.

Morgan looks to Gina.

MORGAN
Did you know about this?

Gina nods, looks down.

MORGAN
And no one told me?

GINA
As you said, Morgan, you're not privy to every operational logistics.

MORGAN
Problem is your plan backfired cause the ones you're tracking are coming back here.

SERGEANT KNOX
No, the real problem is that we never planted a device in Pete Townshend. He was never in our custody.

GINA
It seems someone took one of our devices from a tagged Alpha-Walker and then put it in Pete.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
Who?

GINA
Don't know. Obviously someone...
Or something very intelligent.

MORGAN
Why didn't we intercept the signal
when Pete was brought in?

SERGEANT KNOX
This tracking device has been
reprogrammed to send a signal to
another location other than our's.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
Wait -- you're saying these
creatures have a base?

GINA
A base, a hive, a breeding
ground... Whatever you want to
call it, they are now tracking us.

This reveal shuts everyone up. An ominous feeling weighs down the room.

Defense Secretary drops the device. He steps on it. It crunches under his shoe.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
Not anymore.

BOOM!!!

There's a large explosion that rattles the entire compound! Everyone stumbles, bracing themselves against something.

Gina grabs the phone on the table. It directs her to the Observation Room.

GINA
(into phone)
What's happening? WHAT?! How
many?! Oh my God...

Gina SLAMS the phone down. She types on a keyboard built into the conference table.

Several flat screen monitors on the walls come alive. Everyone's face drops with horror, shocked at what they see:

Each monitor displaying a live feed around the perimeter of the compound, showing thousands upon thousands of infected attacking the compound!

GINA
They've already breached the main tunnels!

DEFENSE SECRETARY
What about our defenses?

SERGEANT KNOX
Weak at best. We've sent the majority of our forces north! It'll take them an hour to get back here!

BOOM!!! Another earth-shattering explosion.

The power goes out. Monitors die. Emergency lights kick in, painting the entire compound an eerie red hue.

MORGAN
We don't have an hour.

Morgan suddenly runs out of the room!

GINA
Morgan!

INT. CONTAINMENT UNITS - NIGHT

Morgan dashes down the hallway, turns a corner to the Containment Units! Suddenly all the lights go out!

Morgan hits the brakes. Slowly backs away as all the doors to the containment units hisses open.

The freed Infected burst out of their cages, instantly feeding on nearby military personnel!

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Sgt. Knox pulls out two guns from his holsters, hands one to the Defense Secretary.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
What are we going to do?

Sgt. Knox gestures for Gina and the Defense Secretary to stay put as he takes a look outside.

Sgt. Knox cracks the door, peeks through. What he sees is a bloody massacre! Dozens of Infected feasting on humans, walls and floor covered in blood and organs.

Sergeant Knox closes the door, turns to Gina and The Defense Secretary.

SERGEANT KNOX
We're gonna die.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
What?!

The blood drains from Sgt. Knox's face, his dead eyes resigned to their fate.

DEFENSE SECRETARY
We have to figure out a way out!

Sgt. Knox ignores the Defense Secretary as he turns to Gina. The sergeant approaches her, pushing pass the Defense Secretary.

GINA
What are you doing?

Knox suddenly grabs Gina, lifts her off her feet! SLAMS Gina onto the table. He throws himself on top of her!

GINA
STOP! GET OFF OF ME! STOP IT!

Gina struggles, tries to swing her arms at Knox -- but he overpowers her!

GINA
GET THE FUCK OFF! MR. SECRETARY!
HELP ME!

The Defense Secretary is paralyzed with shock. Stands motionless, watches as Sgt. Knox forces himself between Gina's legs.

GINA
GET HIM OFF ME! HELP!

The Defense Secretary grips his gun, looks like he's about to help.

But instead, with a panicked look, he runs out of the war room, leaving Gina alone with Sgt. Knox.

INT. ISOLATION WARD - NIGHT

Morgan rushes to the cage holding Janet. Janet looks up as he frantically opens the lock to the cage door.

JANET
What are you doing?

MORGAN
We have to get out of here.

JANET
No, stay away from me.

MORGAN
There's no time to argue about this.

Morgan slides the cage door open. Janet becomes restless, licking her cracked lips, smells his flesh.

JANET
STAY AWAY FROM ME!

Morgan takes a step into the cage. Janet ROARS... LUNGES at Morgan with her jaws wide open! SNAPPED backwards as her chains pull taut.

Morgan steps closer to his wife. Janet is going crazy, the smell of his flesh and blood stirring her hunger. Jaws snapping...

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Jaws snapping...

Like Gina, who desperately tries to bite Sgt. Knox, both still struggling on top of the conference table.

Knox pins her arms down, pressing his body against her.

He unbuckles his pants, attempts to pull out his penis when...

Gina's right hand slips from his grip -- she grabs the conference phone -- SLAMS IT ACROSS KNOX'S HEAD!

Sgt. Knox falls over, moaning and barely conscious.

Gina rolls off the table, grabs the gun, slides it into her belt. She then grabs Sgt. Knox by his ankles.

With hell in her eyes, she pulls him across the floor and out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gina drags the dazed Sergeant out into the hallway, just outside the war room.

She glances to her left, sees the swarm of Infected just down the hallway.

She pulls out the gun -- BANG! BANG!

SHOOTS Sgt. Know in both his legs! He WAILS in pain as blood pours from his wounds.

This gets the swarm of Infected to turn their attention! They move towards the wounded Sgt. Knox.

Gina backs away from him.

SERGEANT KNOX
No! Don't-!

Gina runs off and disappears down the hallway.

We stay on Knox, who helplessly watch the swarm approaching.

SERGEANT KNOX
STAY AWAY! STAY-!

Knox SCREAMS as they pounce on him! Chomping into his legs! Biting his shoulders!

An Infected grabs Knox's left arm, sniffs the fresh flesh of his hand before biting into it! Hand to face...

INT. ISOLATION WARD - NIGHT

Hand to face...

Just like Morgan who slowly puts out his hand towards Janet's face.

JANET
STAY AWAY! DON'T COME NEAR ME!

Though Janet's words say one thing, her action say another as she stretches her neck out, trying to bite Morgan's hand.

His hand inches closer. Janet resisting the urge to bite into his flesh. She closes her eyes, grits her teeth.

Struggling with the hunger.

JANET
Leave me!

MORGAN
Not without you, I won't.

JANET
I don't belong with you anymore!

MORGAN
Listen to me-

JANET
X is for Xerox!

MORGAN
We can do this.

JANET
Y is for Yard sale!

MORGAN
Janet-

JANET
Z is for...

MORGAN
STOP IT!!!

His hand in front of her face now... He touches her cheek... She doesn't bite him.

His hand caressing the side of her face. She's trembling from the urge, impossible to fight.

But she does fight it. And soon the familiarity of Morgan's touch relaxes her.

MORGAN
(softly)
We're leaving. Together.

She slowly nods.

Morgan bends down, about to unlock the chains around Janet when...

He suddenly hears rapid foot steps down the hall. Quickly approaching.

Morgan gets up, ready to face whatever threat is coming...

Foot steps quickening. Getting Louder. Just right around the corner and --

It's Gina, approaching the cage! She's breathing heavily, covered in pieces of rotten flesh, and carrying the electric bonesaw.

GINA
Morgan, there you are! We have to get out of-

She stops mid-sentence when she sees Morgan with the lock in his hands.

GINA
What the hell are you doing!?

MORGAN
I'm freeing Janet.

Gina stomps into the cage.

GINA
Leave her!

MORGAN
I won't.

GINA
We're running out of time!

GUNSHOTS rattle off down the hallway. Human screams. The roar of an Infected swarm getting closer.

MORGAN
I'm not losing her again!

GINA
That's not your wife anymore!
(points to Janet)
Look at her! That's not even human!

MORGAN
Don't say that.

GINA
You have to let her go.

MORGAN
Don't ever talk about Janet like that.

Gina steps back, her face drops. Frozen by the disbelief at what Morgan's saying.

She turns to Janet, and switches on the bonesaw!

Gina raises the buzzing blade over her head, ready to bring it down on Janet.

But before Gina can do such a thing, Morgan grabs onto Gina's arms, holding her back.

MORGAN
Gina, stop!

GINA
Let me go!

The buzzing blade swings wildly back and forth as they struggle. Janet helplessly watching.

The bonesaw goes flying from their hands -- the blade accidentally cutting into Morgan's right arm.

MORGAN
Ahhhh!

JANET
Morgan!

The bonesaw tumbles across the floor, the blade comes to a stop.

Morgan staggers back, grabbing onto his bleeding arm as he grits his teeth in pain.

GINA
Godammit, Morgan! You don't-!

Gina reaches into the inside of her jacket. It's a total blur -- but Gina's pulling something out! Her arm sweeps around, pointing something at Janet!

Janet closes her eyes, prepared for the end!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Gina's chest explodes as three bullets pierces her! Her body is thrown across the room.

Janet opens her eyes. Sees Morgan standing there with his gun in his hand, the nose billowing with smoke.

He staggers forward, can't believe what he just did.

He bends over Gina's body, checks her pulse from her neck. There is none. Gina is dead.

He shuts his eyes. Shakes his head. Angry. Sad. Every emotion times a million.

He opens his eyes...

Spots the thing in Gina's hand. It's not a gun.

What is it?

He leans in closer. It's white. Thin. Her dead fingers covering most of it.

He reaches down, opens her fingers.

His eyes blow up with shock!

In Gina's cold dead palm is a PREGNANCY TEST STICK!

And it's positive.

Morgan's body shaking, fighting back the tears. He drops the gun.

Raises his trembling hands to his face, stares at them...

MORGAN
(to himself)
What did I do?

Janet cautiously approaches Morgan from behind.

JANET
Morgan? You okay?

Morgan closes Gina's fingers again, covering the stick. He gets up, turns to Janet.

He unlocks her chains. Janet is now free. They leave the cage.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morgan and Janet rush down the corridor.

JANET
Where are we going?!

MORGAN
A secret passage. The East Exit.

They’re about to turn a corner until Morgan silently signals Janet to halt.

He creeps toward the edge of the corridor, peeks around the corner.

Down the north corridor, he sees dozens of Infected attacking people, tearing their limbs apart, eating their flesh.

Morgan turns back to Janet.

MORGAN
We have to find another way.

They turn around and head the other way. Moving through the corridor.

Morgan and Janet hurry their pace, pushing through the doors of the mess hall.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

Morgan and Janet rush through the empty mess hall. Heading for the...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Morgan stands on one of the counters. He uses a butter knife to unscrew the faceplate of an air vent.

He slides the faceplate off, pulls himself up into the vent.

MORGAN
Stay close behind.

Morgan climbs into vent first. Janet follows after him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Professor sits alone in the interrogation room, listening to the surrounding sounds of the attack on the compound.

THE PROFESSOR
Hello?! Anybody there?

But no one is around. The adjacent Observation Room has been completely abandoned.

THE PROFESSOR
Is anyone out there?!

Still no response.

The Professor sits for a moment, contemplating.

Then he lets out a grunt as he tries to yank his legs free from the iron rings around his ankles. But they're too strong.

He pauses, relaxes. Comes to peace with what he must do to free himself.

With a forceful grunt, The Professor YANKS his right leg again -- the constraints remain around his ankles.

He continues to pull his leg -- with more power -- more force! The constraints won't give...

But something else will... We hear a sickening ripping sound... As his right leg slowly detaches from his ankle!

His left leg is next. A strained grunt as he pulls! The left leg rips from its ankle.

The Professor falls forward -- slumps to the ground onto his belly. He is free! But minus his feet.

Unable to walk, he crawls forward. Slowly dragging himself towards the Observation Room. Crawling...

INT. AIR VENT - NIGHT

Crawling...

Just like Morgan and Janet who are crawling through the narrow air vent situated in the ceiling of the east corridor.

As they inch forward, they can see through the steel mesh beneath them the top of the heads of the Infected below.

They do their best to not make any sound.

They're almost there... Until...

The metal panel under Morgan starts to CREAK! The Infected perks up at the sound, looking around to see where it came from.

Morgan and Janet remain still, holding their breath. He looks back to her, nods a "it's okay."

They continue crawling forward.

Another LOUD SCREECH as the metal panel gives way a little bit. They stop again.

The Infected gaze upwards. Time stands still as Morgan and Janet try not to move a muscle.

The Infected soon lower their heads, continue to wander the corridor.

Morgan looks back at Janet. They both breathe a sigh of relief. But then...

Blood from the cut on Morgan's arm bleeds through his shirt, about to drip from his arm and through the air vent mesh...

He quickly cups his wound with one hand. Praying the Infected don't smell the fresh blood.

They continue crawling. Slowly. Painfully slow. Every inch an eternity.

And if things couldn't get worse --

Morgan suddenly hears a squeaking noise. Emerging from the darkness ahead of him is an <u>infected rat</u>!

Its eyes dead, skin and fur rotten, teeth exposed from snarling and rabid jaws.

The rat staggers forward, careening side to side like a drunk -- but getting closer to Morgan's face. One bite from the rat and he's done...

Morgan pulls out his gun, holds it in reverse, aims the handle at the approaching rat.

The rat creeps toward Morgan's face! With no other choice...

Morgan CRUSHES the rat's head with the gun's handle!

The metal panel completely gives in! Morgan falls through the vent!

SLAMS onto the floor below!

Morgan hits his head, dazed. He's trying to get up but his legs won't let him.

The Infected loom over him, their hands reaching out to grab him. But before they do...

Janet DROPS down from the vent, tackling several Infected to the ground.

Janet gets to her feet, stands between Morgan and the swarm.

JANET
Stay away. He is my husband.

In unison, the entire swarm of infected shout...

INFECTED SWARM
He is food!

This gives Morgan enough time to shake out the cobwebs. He staggers to his feet.

Janet beats a few of the Infected back. But there's too many -- and she is quickly overpowered -- they're about to tear her limbs apart --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Morgan FIRES his gun! Blasting several Infected in the head! Janet pulls away from their grasp!

Morgan and Janet run! The Infected give chase. They are slow moving. But they will never stop.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morgan and Janet rush down the hallway. They pasa the medical ward. Then they pass the Observation Room, catches a glimpse of the Professor on the ground...

Finally approaching the metal door at the end of the corridor. The door is labeled...

EAST EXIT

Morgan and Janet approach the metal door. He punches in the keycode. The door doesn't open.

The thick, exit door is electronically locked. No power means it's not opening.

Morgan desperately tries to pry the door open with his hands. Janet joins in as well. But it's no use. This door is secured and not budging.

MORGAN
We have to find another way out.

They run back down the hallway in the direction they previously came. Again passing the Observation Room. Passing the Medical Ward.

But not much further when they see the swarm of Infected heading their way. They're trapped. No other direction to go.

Morgan grabs Janet by the hand, yanks her into the only place they can hide...

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

Morgan SLAMS the door behind him! Locks it!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Morgan and Janet jump back as the swarm attempt to break down the door!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Professor grunts as he drags himself across the floor of the empty Observation Room. He reaches up, grabs onto a cabinet handle.

He pulls himself up, props against the counter where the record player sits.

He randomly grabs a record, places it on the player. Gently puts the needle on the record.

The Professor then slides back down to the floor, laughing to himself as the opening of "Nights In White Satin" begins to play.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

Morgan and Janet look around as "Nights In White Satin" booms through the speaker system, echoing throughout the compound!

The music drives the Infected on the other side of the door into a frenzy! They POUND and PUSH more forcefully! The door pulsating from its hinges!

Morgan and Janet slowly back away from the door. It's going to give any second now.

Morgan checks his ammo clip. Only one bullet left. Fuck.

He then rummages through all the cabinets. Looking for the electric bonesaw. Then realizes Gina had it, which was left in the Isolation Ward. Double fuck.

He continues shifting through more cabinets.

JANET
What are you doing?

MORGAN
Trying to find a weapon. Anything.

He suddenly comes across a several boxes containing batches of **thermometers and cold sprays.** His eyes light up. An idea hits him.

MORGAN
I know how to open the east exit.

BANG! BANG! Morgan turns as the pounding on the door getting louder.

MORGAN
But how do we get past them?

JANET
Infected can only identify live human flesh by smell, right?

MORGAN
Correct.

JANET
Then you can't be human anymore.

MORGAN
What are you saying?

Janet picks up a scalpel, places it in Morgan's palm.

JANET
Merge.

She climbs onto one of the beds, lays down. Morgan pauses, realizes what Janet is suggesting.

MORGAN
No. I can't.

JANET
We have no other option.

MORGAN
I won't agree to it.

JANET
I'll be okay.

MORGAN
Janet, no-

JANET
As long my brain is intact, I'll be alright.

MORGAN
But the rest of you-?

JANET
Is a corpse. Useless.

MORGAN
(shakes head)
I'm going to find a cure for you.

JANET
If YOU die, no one will be cured.

MORGAN
But what about YOU?!

JANET
It's too late for me. Think about everyone else you can save.

Their heads turn when they hear POUNDING on the metal door. They turn back to each other.

JANET
It's the only way. Do it, Morgan.

He hesitates.

JANET
DO IT!

He grips the scalpel tighter. Brings it closer to Janet's body. His forehead sweating, hands trembling...

He's about to do the unthinkable...

MORGAN
I love you.

JANET
I love you too.

Morgan tears open Janet's shirt, exposing her rotten naked body.

The POUNDING on the door getting louder. The hinges about to snap!

Morgan delicately inserts the scalpel into Janet's chest.

He slices a clean, straight line down to her lower abdomen, Janet's innards erupt out like lava spilling over a volcano mouth.

He grabs a handful of her spoiled organs, rubs it all over his body, drenching himself in the smell of decay.

He then carves a Y-Shape from her abdomen all the way down to her feet. Then he cuts open both of Janet's arms to their wrists.

He empties out everything from Janet, leaving a body-length jacket made of her skin, with her head fully intact and attached like a hoodie.

Her face is animated, still able to blink and talk.

JANET
Hurry!

Morgan grits his teeth, can't believe he's doing this. He picks up Janet's remains, flings her skin over his shoulder.

He wears her skin draped over him like long coat -- Janet's head sits on the top of his own head like a hood.

Morgan moves across the room. Grabs a plastic bag. Fills it up with boxes of thermometers, cold sprays, and medical tape.

JANET
Come on, Morgan!

The door falls over with a SLAM! Morgan suddenly straightens up like a statue, holding the plastic bag.

Dozens of hungry Infected pour into the Medical Ward. But quickly their energy calms as they realize they don't smell live human flesh.

Morgan quietly, slowly steps forward. He mimics the staggered motions of an infected. Walks right into the heart of the swarm.

The Infected brush against him. Sniffs him, but only smells Janet's layer of skin.

Morgan holds his breath. They growl at him, but leave him alone.

The infected move on, wandering the Medical Ward, looking for anything to feed on.

Morgan maneuvers his way through the swarm and out of the ward.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morgan quickly makes his way down the hallway. All of the Infected can be heard moving around in the Medical Ward behind him.

Morgan heads straight for the Observation Room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Professor continues to chuckle at himself with eyes closed. Listening as “Nights In White Satin” continues to play...

Suddenly, a pair of hands enter the frame -- slaps some medical tape across The Professor’s mouth.

He opens his eyes, sees it’s Morgan wearing the Janet jacket! It’s a strange and surreal sight that even surprises him!

Morgan unlocks the cuffs around The Professor’s wrists, bends his arms behind his back, and recuffs them.

Morgan and Janet drag The Professor out of the room.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Professor tries to scream as Morgan drags him out of the Observation Room.

Trying to get the attention of the swarm inside the Medical Ward, but The Professor’s screams are muffled by the tape.

Morgan pulls The Professor to the end of the corridor, props him against the east exit door.

Morgan then unloads the plastic bag. He begins snapping apart the thermometers... Spilling mercury onto the Professor’s body.

The Professor growls through his tape, shaking his head.

Morgan ignores him, snapping more thermometers -- the Professor’s chest gleaming with silver mercury.

SNAP!

SNAP!

SNAP!

JANET
What are you doing?

Another box of thermometers.

SNAP!

SNAP!

SNAP!

Janet just watches, confused.

The Professor shakes his head even more violently. The medical tape slips a bit -- his mouth free and --

The Professor HOWLS at the top of his decayed lungs!

Morgan spins around -- sees the swarm of Infected coming out of the Medical Ward --

Heading down the corridor... Straight at them!

JANET
Oh my God!

MORGAN
Almost...

Morgan turns back to the task at hand.

One last box of thermometers.

SNAP!

The Infected are moving in.

SNAP!

Their growls getting louder.

SNAP!

Closer they come...

SNAP!

Morgan then grabs the cold spray containers.

JANET
Morgan...? What...?

MORGAN
Overtime, a decomposing body transforms into fertilizer, building up gases including ammonium nitrate. Mixed with crystallized mercury, fertilizer becomes highly combustible.

He aims the cold sprays at The Professor's chest and --

SPRAYS AND CRYSTALLIZES THE MERCURY into The Professor's body!

The Professor cackling!

The swarm just a few yards away. Closer...

Morgan empties the last of the spray cannisters. He quickly gets up, dashes and hides around the corner.

The Infected almost on top of them! Reaching out to them! The corridor echoes with the Professor's mad laughter!

THE PROFESSOR
You'll never find Patient Z!

Morgan pulls out his gun, points it around the corner.

He carefully aims -- and with his only bullet, SHOOTS THE PROFESSOR IN THE CHEST!

BOOM!

A MASSIVE FIREBALL BLOSSOMS AS THE DOOR BLOWS WIDE OPEN!

THE FORCE OF THE BLAST RIPS THE SWARM OF INFECTED INTO TINY PIECES, SPLATTERING THE CORRIDOR.

As the rumble of the explosion rolls through the entire compound... Diminishing like thunder...

Morgan is curled up around the corner, coughing. His ears ringing. But alive.

He gets to his weary feet.

JANET
Morgan, are you okay?

MORGAN
I think so.

JANET
What now?

Morgan emerges from around the corner. He moves into a shaft of light that pierces through the smoky remains of the east exit door.

He walks into the opening of the exit, his & Janet's silhouette filling the doorway.

MORGAN
We go north.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

Morgan limps through the exit, stepping into the open for the first time in a long time. The smell of the desert air fills his lungs.

CLOSE ON Morgan's face as his eyes glow with the sun's light. His smile beaming just as bright. He's in disbelief.

He did it. THEY did it.

Suddenly, a drop of rain lands on his cheek.

Then another drop. It rolls down his face towards the edge of his lips.

He licks the fresh rain.

But wait...

It's salty. And there's not a cloud in the sky. Morgan glances up. He can't see but he suspects it...

WE PAN UP to Janet's smiling face. The sunrise in her eyes. And she is weeping.

Tears.

To the final chords of "Nights In White Satin" -- they walk towards the orange hue of a waking sun that peeks over a sliver of the horizon.

They step into a new day.

Together.

FADE OUT

Over END CREDITS

The Rolling Stones' "Time Is On My Side" plays...